A poore unminded Outlaw ſneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but to the *Duke* of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his liberty and beg his peace,
With teares of innocency, and terms of zeale:
My father in kind heart and pity mov'd;
Swore his aſſiſtance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the *Realme*
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee,
Met him in *Boroughs*, *Cities*, *Villages*,
Attend him on Bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heires, as pages followed him,
Even at the heeles, in golden multitudes:
He preſently, as greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Upon the naked ſhore at *Ravenſpurgh*,
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and ſome ſtraight decrees
That lay too heavy on the common-Wealth,
Cries out upon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Over his Countries wrongs, and by this face
This ſeeming brow of Juſtice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the abſent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonall in the *Iriſh* warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hot. Then to the poynt.
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriv'd him his life,
And in the necke of that, task't the whole State:
To make that worſe, ſuffered his kinſman March,
Who is, if every owner were plac'd,

Indeed his King, to be ingag'd in *Wales*,
There without ranſome to lie forfeited,
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Uncle from the Counſell boord,
In rage diſmiſ'd my father from the Court,
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion, drove us to ſeeke out
This head of ſafety, and withall to pry
Into his title, the which we finde
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I returne this anſwer to the *King*?
Hot. Not ſo, *Sir Walter*. Wee'l withdraw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impawnd
Some ſurety for the ſafe returne againe,
And in the morning early ſhall my Uncle
Bring him our purpoſe, and ſo farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.
Hot. And't may be, ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbiſhop of Yorke, and ſir Michael.

Arch. Hy, good *Sir Michael*, beare this ſealed Briefe
With winged haſte to the Lord *Marſhall*,
This to my coſin *Scroope*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haſte.
Sir Mi. My good Lord, I gueſſe their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you doe,
To morrow, good *Sir Michael*, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch: For *Sir*, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truely given to underſtand,
The King with mighty and quicke rayſed power,
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I feare, *Sir Michael*,
What with the ſickneſſe of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe power was in the firſt proportion;
And what *Owen Glendowers* abſence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too.